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NUMBER 941.

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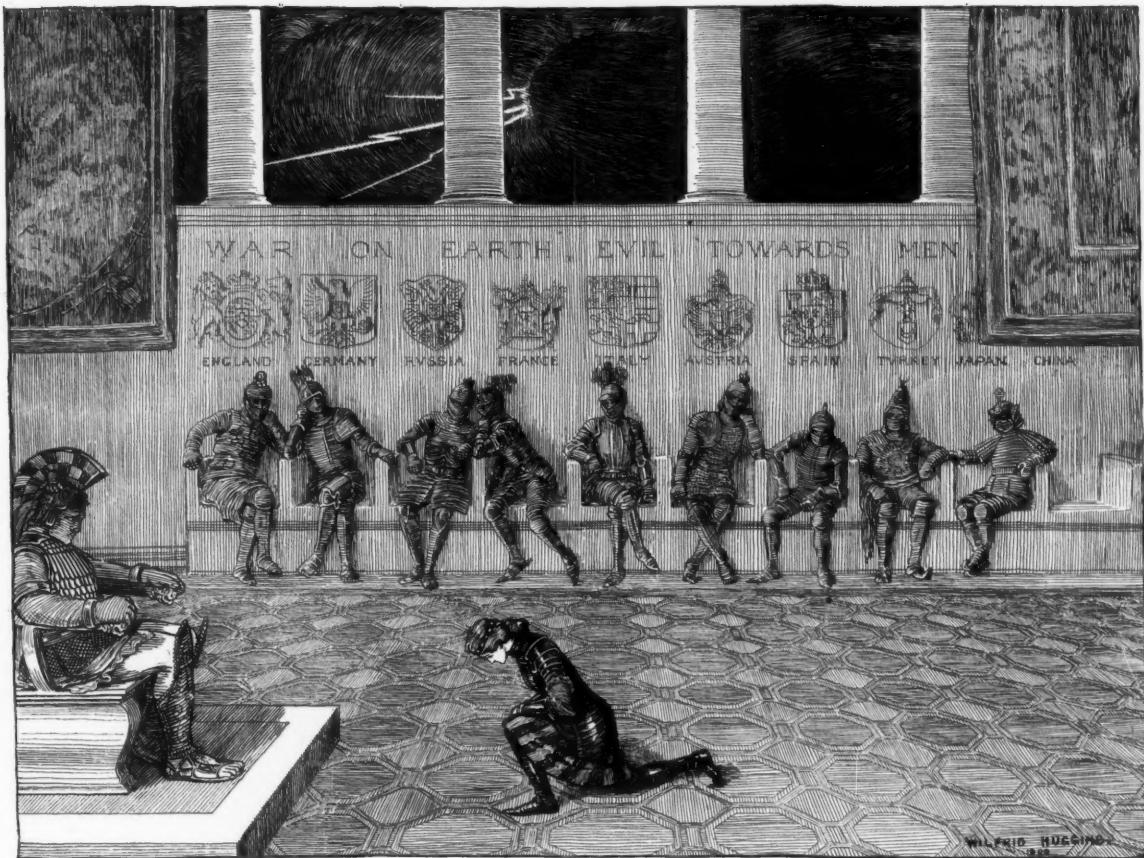
A DOCTOR: "THE PRINT IS GOOD FOR EYES that now need help."

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UNDER THE ACT OF 1881.

LIFE



AT THE COURT OF THE WAR GOD.

CONGRATULATIONS FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Too Much Talk.

THE papers tell us that Dr. Harper, of the Chicago University, does not take kindly to the eccentric opinions which have lately made some of his professors somewhat notorious. He is quoted as having spoken in meeting—a faculty meeting—and alluded to some of the views his

aids had disseminated as "pyrotechnical, irrational and sensational." There is a Chicago professor who lately declared in Boston that riots in America to-day were the natural fruits of rebellious tendencies inherited from our Revolutionary ancestors. Another Chicago professor lately argued that John D. Rockefeller was a greater man than William Shakespeare. Another has attracted notice by his profuse use of slang in his class-room. President Harper does not care for the advertising these gentlemen bring to his institution. He has been quoted as saying to them: "Instructors are

employed in this University to teach, and comparisons of men of literary fame to those of commercial note and contemporary existence are odious to the latter and are to be avoided."

HIS IMPERIAL NIBS: Run the fire under that new arrival up about ninety thousand degrees.

IMP: Yes, sire. You must want to give him a warm reception.

"Well, I am anxious to disabuse his mind of any lingering idea that the fifty thousand dollars he gave to charity out of his fifty millions cuts any ice here."



• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

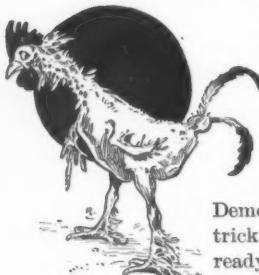
VOL. XXXVI. NOV. 22, 1900. NO. 941.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THE King is dead; long live the King! The Bryanite party being conclusively beaten for the second time, the chance seems to have come for the Democratic party to re-trick its beams and get ready to shine to some purpose. Mr. Bryan says he is surprised. Mr. Croker insisted that he was surprised. Maybe Senator Jones, the Bryanite manager, was surprised, though that is not certain. It was part of Jones's job to expect to win, and he duly expected.

Nobody seems disposed to throw stones at Mr. Bryan. He has grown a good deal in the last five years. He isn't a new man any more, for we have all come to think we know him. He has grown somewhat in our esteem and even in our affections, so that whereas at first we looked upon him as a blatherskite, we have come to have kindlier sentiments about him and to regard him as a good man gone hopelessly wrong. He certainly has talent. Maybe he has convictions. He has ingratiating ways. He is like a man who makes a hopelessly bad marriage in early life. Full of energy and ambitions, with high hopes and a gift of resounding discourse, he took up with that lamentable free-silver Jezebel and staked his future on his ability to force her into reputable society. Poor Bryan! His constancy has been worthy of a better object. Society is bound to

look out for itself, and it is perfectly idle to expect that sympathy for a man in a bad scrape will ever beguile it into a course of action that is contrary to enlightened self-interest.



BRYAN will live to fight another day—though he will hardly be again a candidate for President—but his Jezebel is pitched out for good and all, and they that would be at pains to bury her will find few bones to do their office to. Yet she was a King's daughter, and men still young recall what favor she found in her prosperous times with William of Canton. Confound the slut! She had done much mischief. Yet it may be that if we were perfectly farsighted we would not feel it a misfortune that the sound money issue has given the present administration another lease of life. A good many diseases have to run their course, and if they are checked make all the more mischief. Whatever complaints the body politic is suffering under now will have another four years to work out, and maybe some of them will disappear. Whether the Major will keep his ear as close to the ground as he has been used to we cannot tell; but habit is strong, and he will undoubtedly aim to manage things as nearly in accordance with the will of a majority of the people as he knows how. He will poultice our painful sore in the Philippines for all he is worth, and possibly he may reduce the inflammation. No one could have more urgent motives for doing so than he has, and if his zeal for amendment at any time falters, there are those near him whose political ambitions have not yet been glutted, and who will prefer that the deluge shall not follow him too close.



SO far as the Philippines are concerned, it is a blessing that election is over. The continuation of the Republicans in power at least has this advantage, that it will tend to pre-

vent the fighting Filipinos from being bolstered up with any more doubtful hopes. If Bryan had been elected, Aguinaldo would surely have made shift to keep up a fight for four months more at least. Whether he and his would have been any better off with Bryan in the White House is uncertain, for what Bryan would have wanted to do is one thing, and what he could have done, or would have found it expedient to do, is another. When a job has been botched, it takes more than good intentions to make a good job of it.

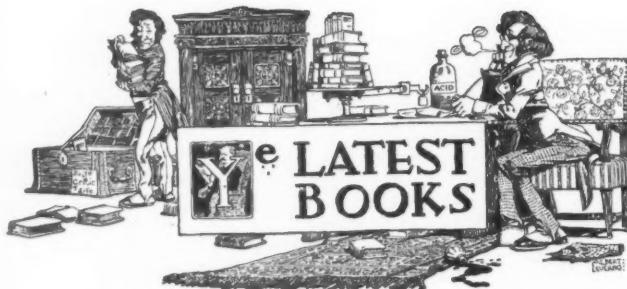


THE great success of the campaign was the discomfiture of Croker. If Croker was a man in history, safely dead, and to be read about at a proper distance, we would not find him entirely detestable. We have a kindness for robust villains when we meet them in works of fiction, and Croker is robust. But in real life we have much less kindness for him because he costs so much and does so much harm, and because his rule is so humiliating to decent citizens of the Republic. In the late campaign, more than ever before, he won a national reputation, and an uncommonly bad one it was. He not only domineered and gave untimely manifestations of his power, but he was unexpectedly foolish. It came out clearer than ever before that though as a boss he is a man of might, he is sure to make a pitiful showing when it comes to being a statesman. His habits of life have changed, too, and certain austerities of conduct which used to serve him in good stead seem to have been undermined. It looks as though we should not long be bothered now with Croker, but whether we are or not there is no sense in biting our thumbs at him. As an individual he is not particularly important. It is as a symptom that he counts. He has been the sign of our disease. If we had taken proper care of ourselves and our interests, we would never have had him. If we get quit of him, and then neglect our political health some more, some other symptom will show itself that may be even more distressing.



A FOND CRITIC.

Wife of His Bosom : LOVELY, DEAR, LOVELY ! BUT I THINK THOSE SHEEP LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE CLOUDS—ER—THAT IS—
OF COURSE—DARLING—UNLESS THEY *are* CLOUDS.



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S *Eleanor* seems to be the most important story of the year. Its rival will be *Tommy and Grizel*, but that is distasteful to many readers, while no one of discrimination can fail to appreciate the power and manifold merit of *Eleanor*. It is a first-rate story, full of ideas about such important things as politics, religion and human character. It is sound in spirit, interesting, hopeful and altogether worth while. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Papacy in the XIXth Century, by Friedrich Nippold, is an able and seething arraignment of the politics and political ethics of the Vatican since the restoration of Pius VII. It is, however, more in the nature of an address for the prosecution than of a history, and in no wise fulfills Macaulay's hope that a future chronicler, as temperate as Ranke, might trace the progress of the Catholic revival of the nineteenth century. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

That W. A. Fraser has an intimate knowledge of the inhabitants of the Canadian forests is shown in his book, *Mosura and Others of the Boundary*. He has, however, followed so unwaveringly the trail blazed by Kipling's *Jungle Book* as to place any claim to originality of conception out of the question. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

If you read *The Idiot at Home* when you are in a fit mood for such writing, you will probably find it amusing. A great deal depends upon the reader's spirits when he undertakes it, and something upon his taste in literature. Many readers will like it, but even they ought not to take it all at a gulp. (Harper and Brothers.)

An American Anthology, which has been for years the work of Edmund Clarence Stedman, contains a vast amount of poetry by American writers. No doubt, if Mr. Stedman had consulted his own taste, he would have eliminated much that the book now contains, but his aim was comprehensive. Nothing important has been omitted, which is the main thing in an anthology. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

Like our childhood's friend with the curl, stories of animals, when they are good, are very good, but when they are bad — ! Mr. Morgan Sheperd's *Observations of Jay (a Dog) and Other Stories* is decidedly bad. (D. P. Elder and Morgan Sheperd.)

Into *The Lost Continent* Mr. Cutliffe Hyne has put some information, and much pleasing and ingenious surmise,

about what went on in the earth in prehistoric times. He locates his tale in the Atlantis, which he peoples with advanced and highly interesting humans, and with mastodons, and other marvelous beasts whom we know by their fossil remains. He has made a stirring tale. (Harper and Brothers.)

One would think that the occupation of Philadelphia by the British under Howe and the subsequent New Jersey campaign ending in the battle of Monmouth had been sufficiently exploited in historical romance during the past year. Under the circumstances, Mr. J. A. Altsheler's *In Hostile Red* seems like "painting the lily." (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

Once again Henry B. Fuller offers to guide his readers along the less-frequented paths of Italy, telling them a parable as they go. *The Last Refuge* is a social allegory in his most subtly-satirical vein, ridiculing the endless search for happiness among external things by those who have never thought to create it within themselves. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

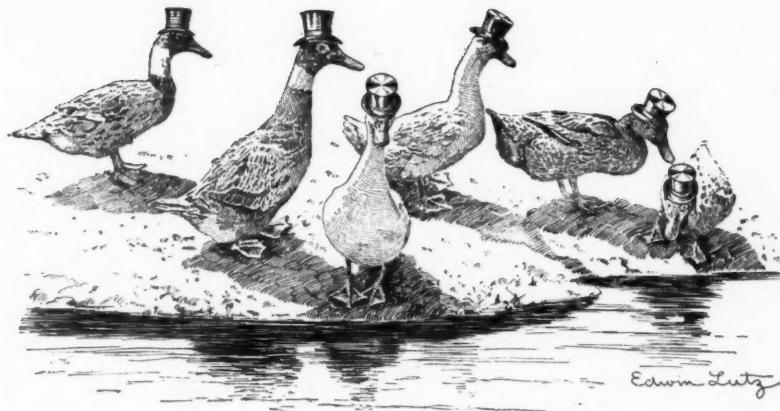
In a little volume called *Church Folks*, Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") discusses with broad-minded sympathy and genial humor the mutual relations of pastor and flock. We earnestly recommend to all church-members and most clergymen the perusal of the book. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

Lucid and Enlightening.

PAULINE: Percy, what is the difference between a "sanitarium" and a "sanatorium"?

"Well—one is a health-resort;—and—and—so is the other."





Certain Gentlemen.

WHY is it that the names of gentlemen of "society" are usually greeted with a smile that savors of derision? They are nice, clean, honest gentlemen. They look well on the street and elsewhere. Their clothes are the best, and their whole bearing suggests importance—and wisdom.

It is common knowledge that they eat well and have a good time, for it is

chronicled in the daily papers. That is, it is common knowledge for those who so far forget themselves as to read the "society" columns of those papers. Moreover, they are of good family.

It is bad enough to read about their wives and sisters, but when it comes to reading about the men the farce drags. There is something in the American climate that resents it.

Satisfactory.

"I THOUGHT for sure I was a goner last night. Colonel Sblnd caught me kissing his wife."

"Whew! How did you pacify him?"
"Told him it was an election bet."

**The Trust Policy
Changed.**

It must be confessed that the Theatrical Trust has departed, to a great extent, from its policy of the very recent past in putting on *risqué* and smutty plays. The plays that are now pleasing New York audiences are quite decent. This change of heart is due, probably, in large part to the campaign against nasty plays made by the trenchant Metcalfe in *LIFE*.

—*St. Louis Mirror.*

PERHAPS our courteous contemporary overestimates *LIFE*'s share in bringing about the present improved state of affairs, but no one could exaggerate *LIFE*'s good intentions in the premises. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Theatrical Trust is still in business.

THERE are mighty few geese nowadays that lay golden eggs, though an occasional one can be found that lays a fair sample of plated ware.

Before the Question.

I PAUSE, old Streeter's marble stoop on,
To wish I had some slight security
That Marguerite, my pearl of pearls,
The youngest of five lovely girls,
On Hymen's bond the last, best coupon,
Will be cashed promptly at maturity.

THE census man was remarkably prompt with his figures this year. He told us the population of our greater cities within two months from the time his work began, and in four months he was ready with accurate information about the total population of the country and many other important statistics. It seems possible to put the taking of the census by General Merriam into the list of things that Major McKinley's administration has done well.

A Disagreeable Characteristic.

KATHARINE: I detest that Mr. Tiffington.

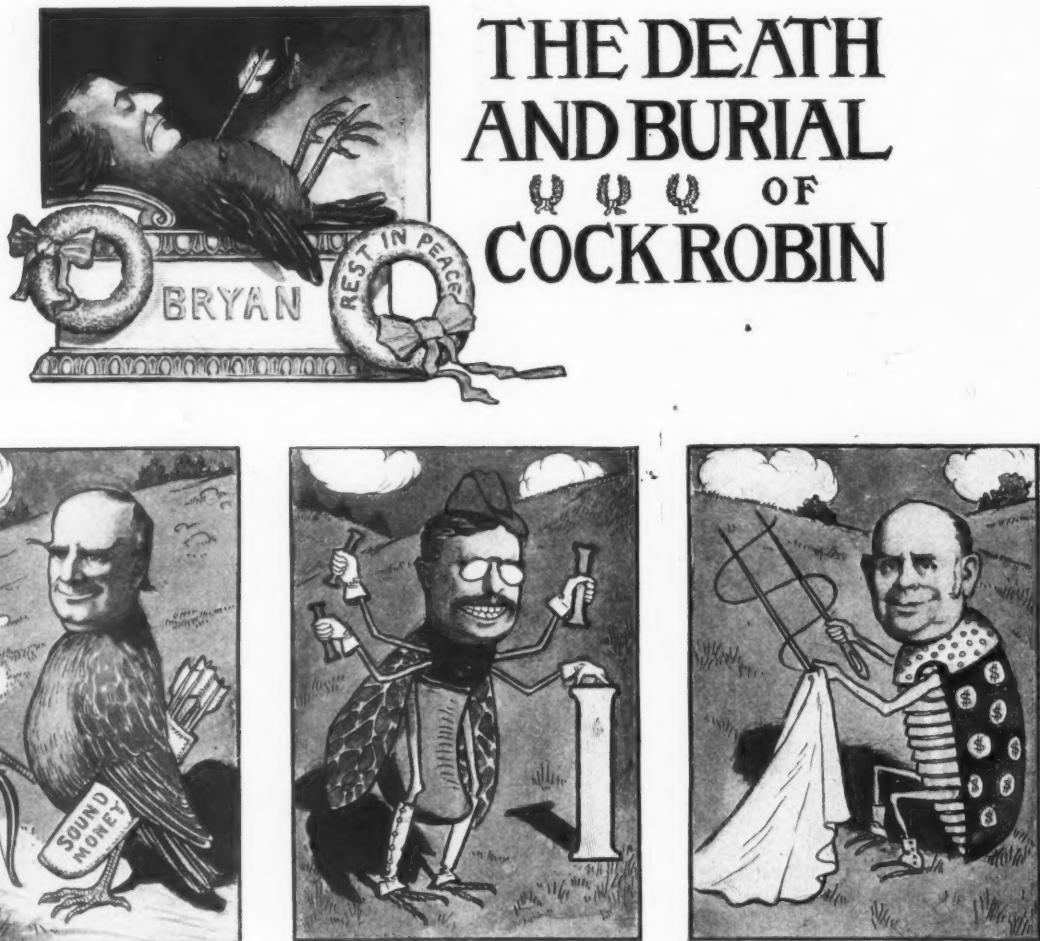
MARGARET: Why, Katharine?
"Oh, he's the kind of man who always calls when you are expecting somebody else who doesn't come."



"THE KING ORDERS YOU EXECUTED AT SUNRISE FOR OFFENDING THE QUEEN."

"BUT SHE WANTED ME TO ELOPE WITH HER, AND I REFUSED."

"THAT'S JUST IT."



WHO killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow.
I killed Cock Robin."

This is the Sparrow
With his bow and arrow.

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little I
I saw him die."

This is the Fly
With his little I.

Who made his shroud?
"I," said the Beetle,
"With my little needle,
I made his shroud."

This is the Beetle
With his thread and needle.

Alice Goes Through the Looking-Glass Again.

"BUT," said Alice, "this cannot be a theatre, for where is the throng of speculators in front of it?"

"Ah!" said the White Knight, "but you must remember you are through the Looking-Glass, where everything is the reverse of what it is where you live."

As he said this they entered the lobby, and, approaching the box-office, were courteously waited on by the ticket seller, who charged only a reasonable price for the seats.

"Are these seats near the centre?" the White Knight asked him.

"They are a good way to the side," he replied, "and you can't see quite all the stage from them."

"Most extraordinary frankness," thought Alice. But

she was even more surprised when, on reaching their hotel, they saw in a paper the account of the separation between an actor and his manager, in which neither insisted that they parted the best of friends, and business reasons only compelled the change.

"All this is truly wonderful!" exclaimed Alice. "I never expected to see the like of this even through the Looking-Glass."

"Nevertheless," said the White Knight, "I have even more wonderful things to tell you of, as you will at once perceive when I say that our Theatrical Syndicate strives to educate the popular taste by presenting only good, clean plays and—"

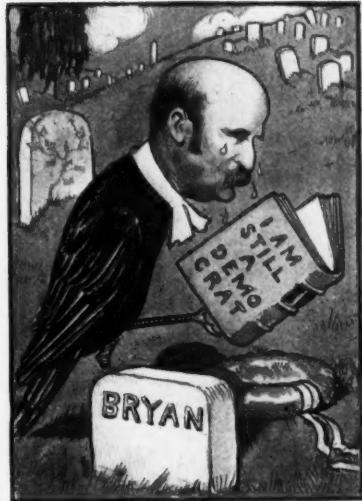
As he said this he seemed all at once to swell up and



Who'll dig his grave?
 "I," said the Owl,
 "With my spade and show'l
 I'll dig his grave."
 This is the Owl
 With his spade and show'l.



Who'll be chief mourner?
 "I," said the Dove,
 "I mourn for my love.
 I'll be chief mourner."
 This is the Dove
 Who Cock Robin did love.



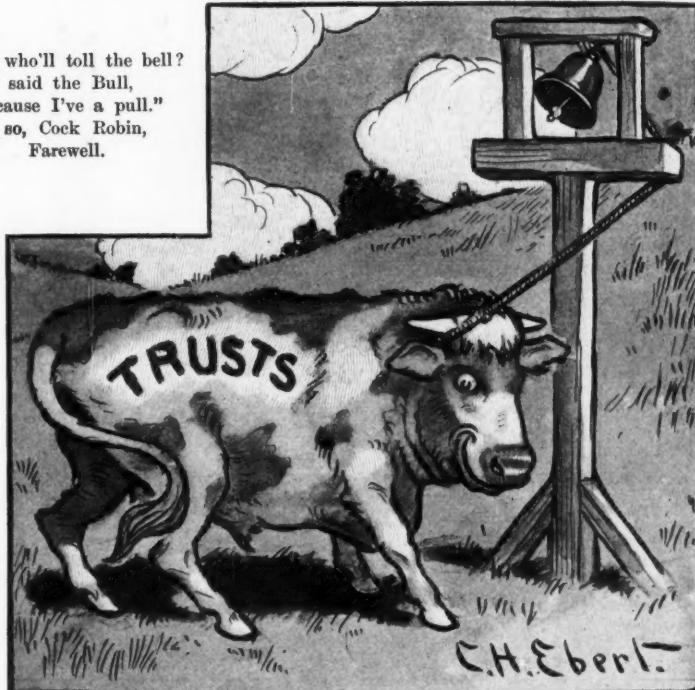
Who'll be the parson?
 "I," said the Rook,
 "With my little book,
 I'll be the parson."
 This is the Rook
 With his little book.

become very broad, and Alice rubbed her eyes to find herself seated before the large mirror in which was reflected a picture of Shylock and Antonio.

"And was it really that picture," said Alice, musingly, "that made me dream of the Theatrical Syndicate?"

THERE has been some resumption of interest since election in that Paterson case of the girl who died as the result of a debauch with four men. About the conduct of the men there is little difference of opinion. All four are in jail awaiting trial. The conditions of which their crime was the fruit are worth considering. The men who run Paterson are brewers, and they run it in the interest of their industry. Neglect cost the girl her life; the neglect that turned Paterson over to be governed by the keepers and promoters of saloons: the neglect by parents that made it possible for respectable, or semi-respectable, girls to be drinking in saloons with evil-minded men. Paterson needs a big shaking up, but it does not need it more than hundreds of other cities do. It is more likely to get it because it has had its lesson.

And who'll toll the bell?
 "I," said the Bull,
 "Because I've a pull."
 And so, Cock Robin,
 Farewell.



"And so, Cock Robin, Farewell."



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A WIDOW AND HER F
VII

A MESSAGE FROM THE OUTSIDE

LIFE.



OW AND HER FRIENDS.

VII

GE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



Some Dekovened Music and an Importation.



THE Broadway Theatre has a familiar air during the performance of the opera called "Foxy Quiller"—in fact, it has several familiar airs. But never mind. "Foxy Quiller" is one of those nice, pleasant light operas, in book and music like many others. We have an agreeable opening chorus, the subordinates do a little talking and singing, and then the principals do their solos, duets, and trios in the usual unexpected way. The curtain falls three times on the customary *ensembles*, with everyone singing at top voice, and we have light opera as it should be operated.

Of course there is a difference in light operas; not much, to be sure, but enough so that experts can tell one from another. The New York public is very expert in these matters, and will doubtless mark a difference in this one because its generators have tried the hazardous experiment of taking a subordinate character from one piece and making him the principal feature in another.

Foxy Quiller was funny in "The Highwayman," because this particular burlesque of the detective of crude fiction was in a way a novelty, and there was not too much of him. The same character, amplified and made the salient feature of an entire performance, rather palls, even on comic opera audiences.

In detail the performance is not a bad one. Mr. Sykes is robust, his voice is a tuneful man's voice and pleasing, and he struggles hard with the humor allotted to him. Helen Bertram is highly artistic in singing, acting and earnestness. Little Zink, formerly of "The Liliputians," is a true comedian in every one of his few inches, and Georgie Caine is dainty and attractive. The chorus is fully up to the comic opera standard in comeliness and voice.

"Foxy Quiller" is not bad of its kind, but it is a convincing argument that, if comic opera is to remain an attractive form of entertainment, we need to have its librettos and music lifted out of the present rut of mediocrity.

* * *

TO do justice to the magnificent performance of Mr. John Hare, Miss Vanbrugh and the polished supporting company in "The Gay Lord Quex" is an impossibility in limited space. Mr. Hare's methods are familiar, and he has few if any equals in portraying the quiet, well-bred, unobtrusive gentleman of the world. Here he is seen at his best and is a delight to eye, ear and mind. Clever as was Mr. Hare's performance, it was excelled by that of Miss Vanbrugh in a far more complex character. Her work is worth a volume of description, and then it would have to be seen to be appreciated. Others of the company also deserve

mention, and together they give one of the most finished and harmonious performances ever seen on the New York stage.

Mr. Pinero's play is a masterpiece of ingenuity of plot and truthful portrayal of character. It is not for the young person, but its evil is more retrospective than present. There is lots of the comely element, and the management of the situations shows the work of a hand guided almost by genius.

The entire performance is such a delight that it inspires one very deep regret. Both the play and players are imported from London, and in the present state of theatrical affairs it is impossible that it shall be equalled by an American dramatist or American actors.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"Monte Cristo" still distributing his millions and revenging his early wrongs. Worth seeing.

Broadway.—Jerome Sykes and company in light opera, "Foxy Quiller."

See above.

Republic.—"Sag Harbor" goes on its artistic, humorous, rural way. Worth seeing.

Empire.—"Richard Carvel." Mr. John Drew has done better and worse things.

Garrick.—The celebrated *David Harum* done in the flesh by Mr. W. H. Crane. Funny and worth seeing.

Madison Square.—Peter F. Dalley in "Hodge, Podge & Co." Trifling, but funny.

Bijou.—May Irwin in "The Belle of Bridgeport." To see her is to laugh.

Wallack's.—Olga Nethersole in Clyde Fitch's version of *Daudet's Sappho*. Appeals rather to curiosity than to interest in stage art.

Garden.—Richard Mansfield in "Henry V." Last week of the great stage picture.

Lyceum.—"A Royal Family." Polite, clean, fairly amusing.

Metropolitan Opera House.—Grand opera in English ambitiously done.

Daly's.—"San Toy." Charming, funny, bright, tuneful.

Savoy.—Henrietta Crosman's "Mistress Nell." An interesting comedy, well acted.

Knickerbocker.—Maude Adams in "L'Aiglon." Worth seeing on account of the play, which is not badly interpreted.

Victoria.—"The Rogers Brothers in Central Park." Not worth while.

Herald Square.—The serious "Arizona." Well-written, well-acted and interesting.

Weber and Fields.—The burlesque "Arizona." Funny, but hardly worth the exorbitant prices you will be euchred into paying for tickets.

Criterion.—John Hare in "The Gay Lord Quex." See above.



AS usual, Tammanyville is dependent on other cities for high-class orchestral music. Even Pittsburg excels New York in this particular, and when Mr. Gericke's carefully trained Boston Symphony Orchestra comes to town the blush of shame jumps to the cheek of every lover of instrumental music in New York. Mr. Gericke's organization is perfectly disciplined, and the results it attains satisfy the most critical judgment. New York may well envy Boston the possession of such an orchestra and regret that its visits to New York are so infrequent.

* * *

IF we needed any demonstration of the triviality of light opera librettos as they are written to day, it was furnished in the delightful fun of old-time "Mikado," as given at the Metropolitan. Mr. Gilbert's lines, familiar as they are through frequent repetition, brought a keener enjoyment to the large audiences who witnessed these splendid performances than do any efforts of contemporary writers. The contrast was emphasized by the chill that greeted one of the comedians who attempted to improve the text by "gags" of his own interpolation.

The performances of "Mikado" at the Metropolitan were by themselves sufficient justification for Mr. Savage's hazardous experiment of producing opera in English at the home of the only genuine operatic article.



"WELL, LITTLE BOY, IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?"

"OH, YES! IF YOU WOULD ONLY TRY TO MAKE YOUR LEGS GROW BIGGER! MAMMA PROMISED THEM TO ME FOR THANKSGIVING."

Art Is Long.

N AN INDIGNANT ENGLISH-WOMAN HAS WRITTEN TO THE *Spectator* TO PROTEST AGAINST THE OPENING OF HEREFORD HOUSE TO BOARD SCHOOL CHILDREN. SHE SAYS THESE CHILDREN DO NOT INTELLIGENTLY APPRECIATE THE WALLACE PICTURES, WHICH IS NO DOUBT TRUE; THAT THEY "WANDER AIMLESSLY," A SIN NOT UNKNOWN TO ADULTS; AND THAT THE TEACHERS WHO ACCOMPANY THEM "KNOW LITTLE OF ART IN GENERAL, AND OF FRENCH EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ART IN PARTICULAR."

But is it not a trifle unreasonable, even in these days of pedagogic omniscience, to expect that a public school teacher, who struggles daily with fractions and the multi-

plication table, will be up in French eighteenth century art? Do the benevolent ladies who escort little bands of sales-women and factory hands around our own winter exhibitions know anything about art? Are the factory hands supposed to study art in these personally conducted tours? Now and then they are requested, by way of encouragement and patronage, to vote for the picture they think best; and it was discovered that a really practical body of Philadelphia weavers were under the impression that the painting so selected would be bought by the Academy of the Fine Arts which had called in their assistance before purchasing.

When we are all trying so hard to impart our aesthetic ignorance to the working man, and to show him that the luxuries of life are better and finer than its necessities, it is not right in the *Spectator* to sound a discouraging note. The British Museum, suggests its correspondent, is the proper place for "teaching art to infant minds," and she also unworthily hints that there at

least the infant bodies will not be so sadly in people's way. But the British Museum seems a large order for infancy, and the children might "wander aimlessly" through that vast institution with little result save active exercise. In this country we scorn to consult our own convenience, or to doubt the efficacy of our methods. "I am begging pictures for my poor people," wrote a philanthropic New York woman to a friend who had recently returned from Europe. "Something to decorate their walls. Not modern subjects, please. I have plenty of those already, and so much modern art is meretricious. Send me some good photographs of the antique."

Agnes Repplier.

Unkind.

LORD WOLSELEY, the other day, described the British officer as "not only the finest specimen of humanity extant and the finest fighting man, but a man unequaled in the armies of the world."

Is Lord Wolseley trying to be facetious or has he not yet heard of the Boer war?

THE fact that most of the people who make fools of themselves do so unconsciously saves the world a great deal of pain.

WORD comes from Boston that the entire entrance floor of Young's Hotel is to be remodeled at great cost. This is interesting to the unfeeling world, but must be dire news to the cohort of guides who have made their living for generations by piloting strangers through the intricate entrances of Young's Hotel to and from its office.

YOUNG MAN, I began life as an office boy, and through long years of unremitting toil worked myself up to the top of the ladder. And now you come to me without a cent and want to marry my daughter."

"That's all right, sir. I am only profiting now by the mistakes you made."



Mrs. Bug: WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, MRS. BEETLE?

Mrs. Beetle: GUESS I MUST HAVE USED TOO MUCH BAKING POWDER IN MY BREAD.

• LIFE •

Don't Be Too Hard On Him.



MEREELY because a trustee has been appointed for the Countess de Castellane, born Gould, to restrain her husband from putting her fortune too rapidly into circulation, we need not necessarily conclude that the Countess has made a bad match. So far as one can judge without intimate knowledge, the Countess has not only had a very good run

for her money, and one very much to her taste, but has still a comfortable fortune left, and many very valuable and desirable effects, which the Count's

activity has enabled him to accumulate. The Count seems to be what the late A. Ward might have called an amoosin' cuss. He is expensive, it is true, but the Countess was not looking for a saving man when she took him. It seems highly probable that he has afforded her far better sport than she would have been able to command if she had married a person more like her father's prudent and profitable associate, Mr. Sage. It is a good thing, when you can afford it, to marry one of your own kind. It has not yet been demonstrated that the Countess Castellane did not come as near as most persons do to accomplishing this desirable feat.

Do All Girls Look Alike To You?

LIFE for December 6th will contain a group of twenty heads by C. D. Gibson that have been selected from the files of LIFE in the past. Underneath this group will be found the conditions of a *Contest of Beauty*, which, in brief, are as follows :

Contestants will select the face they consider the most beautiful and beneath it place distinctly the figure 1. Beneath the face they consider second in order of beauty they will place the figure 2, and so on through the entire twenty.

The contestants themselves will award the prize, which will be one hundred dollars. The face which is marked 1 by the greatest number of competitors will be considered the most beautiful. The one marked 2 by the greatest number of competitors will be considered the next most beautiful, and so on to the twentieth.

The prize will be awarded to the person whose page goes furthest down the list in the exact order of selection chosen by the majority.

THOSE were cruel words in the *Field* the other day.

The *Field* is an English paper. It published a letter recently in which the writer said, among other things:

"The rank and file of American visitors are an unmitigated nuisance. Visit Newmarket any morning, and what do you see? Buckboards and buggies in place of English traps, American women with tow-colored hair and the complexion of a French clown, the American jockey and his entourage of hangers-on, and, worse than all, a huge sprinkling of unattached American loafers, who claim they are friends of the trainers and jockeys, but who in reality are gamblers and limberers of the worst type, who have merely sought to find on the English race-course a Tom Tiddler's Ground, where they will not be interfered with by police to whom they are not known.

"In fact, Americans during the present season have almost dominated Newmarket. It is English money they have come after, and many of them are not very scrupulous how they get it."

This is painful reading for Americans who love the English turf. If the earnest gentleman is correct, we must mend our behavior when away from home.

His Little Game.

SHE: You know that check for one hundred dollars you gave me? Well, they refused to cash it. The teller said that you only had seventy-five dollars in the bank.

HE: By Jove, I'm awfully sorry, dear.

"Oh, it was all right. I deposited twenty-five dollars, and then they gave me the money."



A COLOR EFFECT.

Cub: SAY, MOTHER, I SAW A COLORED MAN WITH A GUN PROWLING AROUND OVER YONDER AWHILE AGO. DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY DANGER?

Mother: WELL, THAT DEPENDS ON THE COLOR. WAS HE RED?

"NO. HE LOOKED RATHER BLUE."

"OH, WELL, IF HE LOOKED BLUE, HE MUST BE GREEN. GUESS THERE'S NO DANGER."

A Visitor.

HER maid entered.

"The carriage is ready, madam," she said, "and the master is waiting below."

"Very well," she replied. "I will be down presently. You may go, Jackson."

She opened her jewel box to make a selection of rings. She took up her diamond necklace carelessly, and then tossed it aside for the one of pearls. She caught a glimpse of her face in the mirror. It was enough to make her pause and look—half-sorrowfully, half-pityingly. The man below had not asked her to go out for a month, she thought. But—what of that?

Suddenly she turned.

There was a shadowy something behind her. She shuddered.

"You here again?" she said.

"Yes," said the ghost of her former love. "I am here again. Am I not welcome?"

"Again," she repeated, abstractedly. "You seem to haunt me more these days."

"And why not?" said the ghost. "You have more time to see me."

She sighed.

"But I would rather not see you," she said. "I would rather forget you. I hate you."

The ghost smiled. "It is your fault," he said. "You killed me. And now, where else should I go? I am a part of you. You cannot get rid of me."

"But you make me unhappy—so unhappy. Will you always come?"

"Always," said the ghost.

"And never leave me?"

"Never," said the ghost.

There was a pause—a long pause.

She rose to go. She swept proudly, defiantly, to the door. On the threshold she stopped and turned back. Two tears were in her eyes.

"Don't fail me," she said.

Tom Masson.

Good-by.

"Well, the Republican victory has accomplished one thing."

"What's that?"

"We've got rid of Teddy."



JOSIAH WAS OUT FOR TURKEY, BUT



HE CAME HOME EMPTY-HANDED.

• LIFE •



THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

Tis the last fly of summer
That sits on the wing,
And my heart almost bleeds for
The poor, lonesome thing.
No mate of his old age,
No comrade has he,
To stick in my jelly
Or drown in my tea.

I know if I spare him
He'll frisk on my nose,
Or, perched on my bald spot,
Disturb my repose.
Bereft of his vigor,
And shorn of his pride,
I'll send him to rest where
The good flies reside.

So (swipe) let me finish
His earthly career,
When, crash! goes a globe from
My best chandeller.
Then (swipe) and my weapon
Is launched on his head.
Alas! 'Tis a flower vase
I've shattered instead,

But (swipe) in my hurry
I miss him once more,
And the evening's destruction
Is making me sore.
And now that securely
He hides from my gaze,
I guess that I'll leave him
To live out his days. — *Chicago Record.*

THE young novelist laid his card on the great publisher's desk, and then began unwrapping a large bundle that was fastened with heavy ropes.

"I have here," he said, "a novel which —"

"Pardon me for interrupting you," the publisher said, "but there's no use undoing it. We have more books on hand now than we shall be able to publish in the next five years. It will only be a waste of time for us to discuss your work. Take it somewhere else."

A look of sadness took the place of the hopeful expression that had illuminated the young novelist's countenance, and, turning toward the door, he said:

"I don't mind telling you that George Washington is the hero of this tale."

"Ah, very good," the publisher answered; "George, if worked up properly, ought to make first-class hero."

"And," the novelist continued, as he took a step or two toward the hall, "Benedict Arnold is the villain of the story. Benjamin Franklin is the funny man—the fellow that says the droll things, you know. Dolly Madison figures in it as the beautiful, gentle maiden who doesn't know her own heart until every male character in the book has taken a twang at the strings, and Thomas Jefferson is the wise chap who can't see a joke and is always trying to get off logic. But I'm taking up your time. Excuse me. Printem & Co., across the street, seem to be bringing out a good many successful books lately. I guess I'll go over there. By the way, I've worked up the duel scene between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton in great shape. I have them fight first with knives, then they try it with swords; upon a third occasion they use pitchforks; at another time they come together with clubbed guns, and finally with pistols, according to the historical fact. Israel Putnam's leap over the precipice with his horse, and Patrick Henry's defiance of King George, in the Virginia Legislature, form thrilling chapters of my story. Perhaps, at some future time —"

"Ho! Help! Help!" shouted the publisher; "stop this man! Don't let him get away! He has a historical novel! Come back! Come back! Please come back and name your terms. William," the head of the great firm said turning to his secretary, "write a half-page advertisement at once, mentioning the fact that one million two hundred and sixty thousand copies of Mr. —, Mr. —, ah, what is your name? Mr. Carvel-Johnstone's novel have already been sold, and that the publishers confidently expect a sale of seven millions more before the proofs are read."

— *Chicago Times Herald.*

JOHN LA FARGE, the artist, who lives at Newport, has all the eccentricity that is said by the wise to be a part of genius. The late Bishop Brooks, of Boston, was very fond of La Farge, and they were excellent friends, but he hit off the latter's eccentricity in a single sentence.

Bishop Brooks and a friend were coming out of a church where the artist was decorating a great window. The friend walked toward a handsome coupé that was standing in the rain, and said:

"I suppose this is your carriage, Bishop?"

"Dear me, no," said the Bishop. "I always walk. That's a livery carriage waiting for La Farge."

"But La Farge," said the friend, "has been working in the church all day, and will continue to work until night."

"I know," said the Bishop, his whimsical smile drawing the corner of his mouth; "but La Farge can never work very well unless he knows he's keeping a carriage waiting for him somewhere."

— *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.*

"She's teaching me to dance," he explained.
"And how far have you progressed?"
"I've learned where to put my arm."
"How long has she been giving you lessons?"
"Oh, a little over six weeks." — *Chicago Post.*

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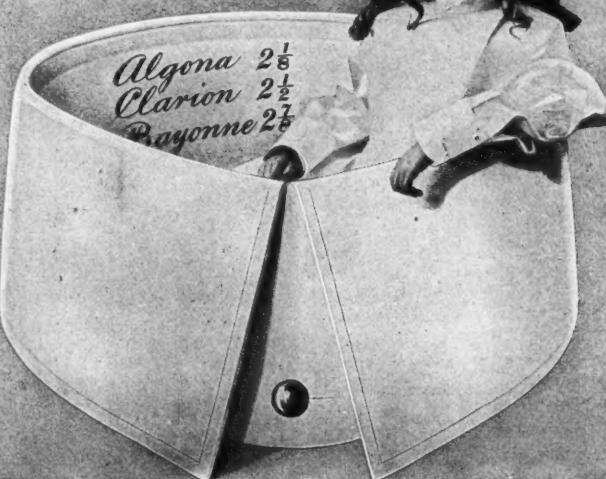
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LIFE

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

For the winter has become the common thing for those who enjoy perpetual summer.

In returning from there, there is one route that combines far more advantages than any other—the Shasta-Northern Pacific route.

The scenic features between San Francisco and Portland are unequalled in the United States. Winding along the upper Sacramento River, and passing over the Siskiyou Mountains, one goes wild. Castle Crags form a never-to-be-forgotten panorama. After Castle and Castle Crags are reached, frequent glimpses of white-robed Shasta are to be had, and ere long the grand mountain is in continuous sight until the Siskiyou range, and Rogue River Valley to the north of it, also challenge one's admiration. At Portland the Columbia River and Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens are reached. Beyond, lies the Puget Sound country and Tacoma and Seattle; then comes the passage of the Cascades, with Mount Rainier and Mount Adams mantled in white, standing bold and high. The Spokane country and the Clark Fork region, with Lake Pend d'Oreille and the Mission and main Rocky ranges, form another great scenic panorama, with Helena and Butte added.

At Livingston comes the tour through the great Wonderland—Yellowstone National Park, touched only by this line. This is a side trip unequalled anywhere.

Then the Yellowstone River and Valley, with the boundless plains of Montana and North Dakota; the picturesque Pyramid Park, the wheat-growing Red River Valley and the Minnesota lake region follow in swift succession, and your train is at Minneapolis and St. Paul, the giant cities of the great Northwest. Pullman equipment and dining cars are with you the entire distance. Note this all down and see that your return ticket reads via the Shasta-Northern Pacific and in the meantime send six cents for Wonderland, 1900, to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn. The book is a beauty, and describes the whole region and the route.

"Dis prosperity is all fictitious," said Meandering Mike. "What makes you t'ink it?" asked Plodding Pete.

"Because dey keep on offerin' us roast turkey an' cider de same as dey did last November. If we was pergressin' as we ort de hands would include terrapin an' champagne by dis time."—*Washington Star*.

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THE LADY: They are my children and it's no picnic.
—*Schoolmaster*.

A PULLMAN or dining-car meal should be accompanied by a bottle of Saratoga Adirondack Water. It produces perfect digestion. Try it.

THE London *Tablet* (Roman Catholic) tells of a cyclist who went lately to view a church in Cheshire, and found above the doorway the inscription:

"This is the gate of Heaven."

Its cheer was, however, somewhat modified by the seeming postscript written beneath:

"This door will be closed during the winter months"—*Exchange*.

IF you are a good liver a trial will convince you that Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is a necessity. Insist on it being on the Menu.

NELLIE: Gracious! How do you manage to knit so much in so short a time?

NINETTE: Every time I do ten rows I give myself a chocolate cream.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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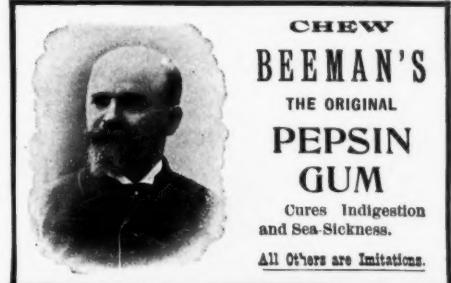
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— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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